

The College Cheer

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

VOL. XV.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1922

No. 3

ST. JOE BATTLES LOYOLO U. TO A SCORELESS TIE

RED AND PURPLE SPRING GREAT SURPRISE

Before five thousand surprised and disappointed home-comers Loyola University, Chicago, fighting fiercely for its football honors, was forced to submit to a scoreless decision at the hands of St. Joe's dashing eleven. Invading enemy territory for the first time of the season, our heroes displayed the reserve and ability of veterans, and, though denied a complete victory, it is indeed a grand accomplishment to have held scoreless Loyola's classy eleven, rated as among the best secondary college teams of the Middle West.

Advance Dope Spilled

Because Loyola outweighed our eleven at least twenty pounds per man, advance dope had it that Loyola should easily pile up a 40-0 score. How completely our warriors of the Red and Purple upset this dope the score will tell. It was a triumph of brain over brawn, of great team work over lesser generalship.

St. Joe The Better Team

To the finish of the game Loyola's great team was outplayed in every department of football. Three-fourths of the game was played in their territory, with the ball in our possession at least two-thirds of the time. Therefore, though the score was a tie, the contest really belongs to St. Joe. Great credit is due every man; our team hit together and moved as a unit when the ball was snapped.

Flynn's Punting Features

St. Joe repeatedly moved the ball from the danger zone via the punting of Fullback Flynn. At one occasion he punted for 72 yards; 50 and 60 yards were gained in this manner several times. Halfbacks Hipskind, Aldrich, and O'Connor kept up a continued crashing attack upon Loyola's heavy line, making valuable gains. The majority of Loyola's punts were nabbed by Pischke, who several times advanced the ball for more than 25 yards.

Ah! On Thanksgiving day,
when from East and West,
From North and South, come the
pilgrim and the guest,
When the grey-haired New Eng-
lander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection
restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks
his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles
where the girl smiled before.
What moistens the lips and what
brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like
the rich pumpkin pie?

—Whittier, The Pumpkin.

Red and Purple Line Great Surprise

Judging from previous tests and from the superior weight of Loyola's forward wall, our line seemed doomed to failure. That St. Joe's line responded nobly to their task is now history. They stubbornly resisted all attack, and are greatly responsible for the success of the Red and Purple. The flashy ends, "Ted" Liebert and "Gipp" Fulton, again pulled snappy stuff, Fulton carrying the ball through tackle for completion of ten yards when the gain meant "worlds" to us. On the defense T. Liebert carried the brunt of Loyola's savage onslaught, repeatedly electrifying the crowd with spectacular diving tackles. And in the second quarter, after the enemy had advanced twenty yards by line plunges, it was Liebert who bridled their advance by tearing through their line and downing the left halfback who had the ball. At center Hoban played his very best game for St. Joe; he landed a spectacular 18 yard pass from Flynn at a critical moment.

Our Best Chance Spoiled

Undoubtedly the toughest break of the game occurred when a touch-down for St. Joe seemed almost a

(Continued on page 8.)

RALEIGH CLUB WINDS

UP GRAND RAFFLE

Many Prizes to Be Given Away

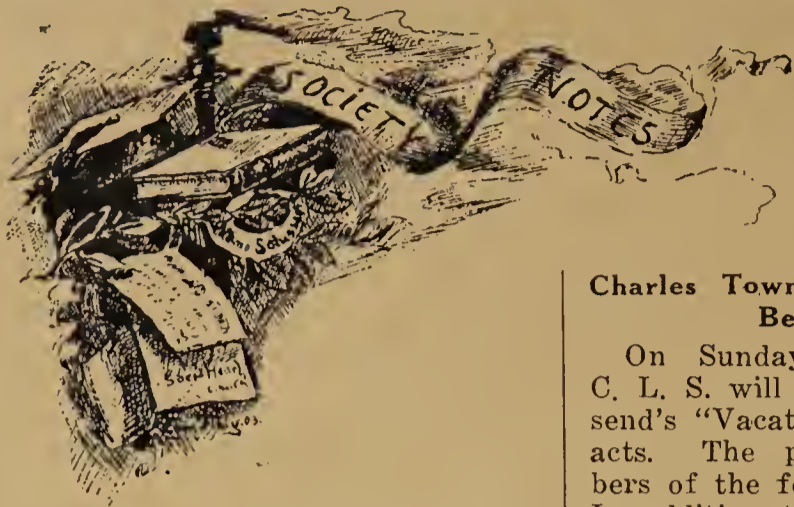
The Raleigh Club, under the direction of Father Gerhardstein, C. PP. S., has made rapid strides forward during the past weeks. In addition to his careful supervision of order and cleanliness, he has added many and various articles of comfort and enjoyment, which it is understood are only the initial purchases and additions that will make for a better and bigger Club.

To finance the purchase of a new phonograph, a prize raffle was recently begun. The thousand chances have been almost entirely sold and the raffle will be held in the Play Hall in a few days. Prizes consisting of articles which will satisfy the demands of Junior, Senior, and Faculty member have been donated by members of the Club. The bulk of the proceeds will be used in the purchase of the musical instrument, which will add greatly to the pleasant and entertaining moments of leisure in the Clubroom. For "though music oft hath such a charm to make bad good, and good provoke to harm," it cannot possibly do the latter but instead work its good, enlivening our spirits and minds; providing the entertainment of that most sublime of all arts, taking us back under the direction of the divine Muses to the presence of Morpheus, there to enjoy the reveries of the brighter and happier days.

The Reverend Moderator has expressed his deep appreciation of the gentlemanly conduct and discipline of the members and promises a continuance of his efforts in behalf of the Club. Ever striving for the comfort and pleasure of its members, Father Gerhardstein has outlined a splendid program of improvements; thus making the Club an exemplary place for the "victims" of the weed to "while" away their leisure moments.

Life will have its little jokes. The ex-kaiser says he is the happiest man on earth.—Logansport Pharos-Tribune.

Deprive a man of the right to boast and he will be speechless.—The Fun Book.



A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one—
And those who live as models for
the mass
Are singly of more value than they
all.

—Robert Browning, Luria, Act. V.

MISSION CRUSADE MEETS

Sebastian Alig Delivers Inaugural Address.

The C. S. M. C. met in Alumni Hall on Sunday, November 19. After the regular business was transacted, Sebastian Alig, the president, delivered his inaugural address. His theme dealing with the Missions in general was well received. A plea for more members was made by the Rev. Moderator.

* * *

Columbian Literary Society

This evening Gladys Ruth Bridgman's "A Regular Scream," will be presented by an all-star cast. The Rev. Director, together with the participants, practically the entire sixth class, have been "hard at it," for the past three weeks, and we are assured of a pleasant evening's entertainment.

* * *

Newmans to Present First Public Program December 8

December the eighth has been set for the first public program of the N. L. S. At this writing we are unable to present the entire program as will be staged on that date; however, we have been informed that a tableau will be presented. Several farces are likewise on the program. The closing number will be a short three-act comedy, "The Sleep Walker," and from every indication it will be a "cracker jack."

* * *

N. L. S.

A private program was presented on Sunday evening, the nineteenth. Practically all the members of the society have appeared in private programs, and the "cream" will be used for the big exhibition on December 8. Following the program the regular meeting was conducted.

Charles Townsend's "Vacation" To Be Presented.

On Sunday, December 17, the C. L. S. will present Charles Townsend's "Vacation," a comedy in two acts. The participants are members of the fourth and fifth classes. In addition to this an oration will be delivered by Philip Rose, a member of the fifth class. His subject will be: "The Prince of Peace." A debate, "Resolved, That it would be beneficial to the United States and to Europe to buy European made goods," is also listed. Francis Fate will uphold the affirmative, and Bernard Scharf the negative.

ASK ME! ASK ME!

Serious And Otherwise

1. What is the commonest lie in the world?

"I haven't got time."

2. What is the longest word in the English language?

Anthropomorphologically.

3. What is an egotist?

An egotist is a man who thinks that if he hadn't been born people would have wanted to know why not.

4. Are there any words in the English language containing the letter "Q" and not followed by "U"?

There are no such words. Q and U are practically a single letter in the English language.

5. What is the greatest question of all ages?

The greatest question of all ages is, "Where do we go from here?"

6. What is an optimist?

An optimist is a man who can enjoy home brew as much as the real thing.

7. Is the weight of the brain of a man and woman the same?

The brain of the average man weighs 50 ounces, while that of the average woman weighs 44 ounces. Man's heart averages 11 ounces, and woman's about 9 ounces.

8. What is the percentage of illiteracy in the United States?

The percentage of illiteracy for all persons over 10 years old is 7.7.

9. What is the biggest joke in three words?

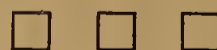
Correcting sixth year Latin copy books the professor said it was: "Neglectentes deos vidistis!"

An eminent English economist says New York can be the financial centre of the world if it will only adopt a free trade policy. Is this intended to be English humor?—The Silent Partner.

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"JUST JUICE"

"Herbert! Oh, Herbert! It's nine o'clock. Hadn't you better be starting to get up?"

As I lay in bed, half asleep, slowly accumulating the nerve and energy needed to begin that arduous task of arising and donning my clothes, I considered the many ways in which I might add another day of pleasure to my vacation. Suddenly a desire seized me to motor out into the country to view once more the beauties of meadow and forest before vacation days should end. This desire provided the impulse for which I had been waiting. In a few minutes I was dressed and was seated at the breakfast table.

Having taken my breakfast and obtained permission to use the car, I gave mother a kiss—which netted me fifty cents for spending money—and ran out into the garage, the domicile of our "Nancy."

I climbed into the driver's seat, turned the switch, pulled down the gas and pressed the starter. The motor failed to respond. Two more such attempts were futile. Then that question which has so often caused troubled motorists to sweat blood, struck me: "How's the gas?"

Stepping out of the car, I looked at the gas indicator. It pointed to the empty mark. At first I visualized a long, tiresome trip to the nearest service station, but as I stood there my glance fell on a large red can in the corner of the garage. On the side of this can in very distinct letters was the word "gas." Was it full or empty? I grabbed it and to my joy found that it was almost full. After pouring out about half the contents of this can into the gas tank, I hastily resumed my position in the driver's seat.

Again I pulled the switch, pulled down the gas and stepped on the starter. This time the motor responded with a throb that shook the building. Releasing the clutch, I fairly shot out of the garage and down the street at about forty miles an hour. In terror and amazement I clung to the wheel and kept on the road only by some marvelous steering worthy of Barney Oldfield.

Down the side street, across the old wooden bridge, and out into the country, not abating its breakneck speed for an instant, that wild car flew on, with a badly dazed boy at the wheel. At first I had all that I could do to keep the car on the street, but when out on the open highway the steering became eas-

ier. I began to think of stopping this runaway. I clamped on the emergency brake, put on the foot-brakes and shut off the gas, but the speedometer still read over thirty miles per hour. Then I realized my predicament—the gas feed was leaking and I could not control the flow of this fiery fuel into the carburetor. I was doomed to ride at this speed till the gas gave out.

For twelve miles I rode on with the speed of a racing demon. Then with a gasping "hic! hic!" the motor came to a dead stop, two miles from any point of civilization. But my troubles were not ended, for upon examination, the gas tank proved to be entirely dry. After walking two miles to get some gasoline, I finally succeeded in starting for the city.

As soon as I arrived home, I went to the garage to see what kind of gasoline it was that had caused the car to act so unnaturally. I meant to analyze this wonderful wizard "gas," and if I could find a means of controlling its wild kenetic possibilities, I had visions of running John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil company out of business.

I picked up the can and poured out a glass of the lively "juice." It did not give out the odor that ordinary gasoline emits; in fact, it savored of grapes. I smelled it again; this time I took a taste. Then I swallowed the whole glass of "gas." It was dad's homebrew cleverly camouflaged.

—Herbert Carmichael, '25.

OUR HUNTING TRIP

Several weeks ago, my companion and I planned a hunt in the near-by woods. So, as a beautiful Saturday afternoon appeared on the horizon, we donned our oldest clothes and stealthily departed from Collegeville.

We went up the road towards the old school house, but soon our animal instinct informed us that rabbits were not going to wait for us on the middle of the road. Our next move was to climb a fence, a very tiresome job for both, as we were pretty well laid up from football scrimmage.

On gaining the opposite side of the fence, we hurriedly glanced around, as there may have been some ferocious rabbits ready to attack us. But no, the enemy was not in sight. Perambulating thru the underbrush, we came upon a Jasper county lion, familiarly called a field mouse. As I was leading the way, I staggered back, surprised and dumbfounded by the sudden appearance of so formidable an enemy.

But my companion, with incredible quickness of thought, saw in what an unadvantageous position I was. Quickly he shoved me forward and my burly hands closed around the place. At once I thrust him in my laundry bag, which we had taken with us in order to carry our game.

With such a prize catch in our bag, we figured our afternoon an extraordinary success, so our footsteps once again led towards Collegeville. Just as we were turning at the entrance, our captive gave a sudden start, tearing the bag from my shoulder and running down the road with such rapidity that it was useless to pursue. Thus ended a pleasing, exciting, fierce, and wonderful hunting trip.

—Ed. O'Connor, '24.

A WEARY TIME! A WEARY TIME!

Ancient Mariner (Part III.)
November! weary are thy days,
Thy cheerless evenings too;
December bleak, art coming fast,
Behold, the leaves are few.

Fair nature has deserted us,
The flowers died too soon;
Oh, for the charming nights of May,
When we enjoyed the moon!

That wind which comes from farthest North,
It rushes with a blare;
It kills our joy, it blights our hope,
It brings us near despair.

Alas! The Outdoor Smoking Club
Must shiver through it all;
The members huddle 'round the fire,
And better days recall.

—Ed. O'Connor, '24.

SPELLBINDERS

For lack of mental leaverage
Some spell the names: A Beverage;
Now Prince of Whales, the Prince
of Wails,
And Chaucer's Canterbury Tails!
—N. G.

Famous "Gimmes."

—A pipeful.
—Your Latin.
—A drag.
—A match.
—Your Cheer.

Bastin is so dumb that at the early age of six he was already noted for his fondness of soap because it looked like ice cream.—Extract from Clipper, "Biography of A. Bastin."

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Collegeville, Indiana

Collegeville, Ind., November 29, 1922

EDITORIALS

THANKSGIVING DAY

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year," yes, cold, bleak winter is not far distant. These days bring home the fact that another year, has come and gone. At this season of the year, in keeping with the custom established by the early colonists, we pause for one day at least—THANKSGIVING DAY—and render thanks to the Giver of all good gifts, for the many blessings and favors received during the past twelve months. True, to many this day carries no other signification, than a day of riotous eating and drinking. But to the grateful heart it means the fulfilling of the admonition: "In all things give thanks." Hence let the festive boards, wreathed with flowers, and piled with fruits, awaken within us the memory of the early and the latter rain. Let us accordingly give thanks!

"NON SCHOLAE SED VITAE DISCIMUS"

"We learn not for the school but for life" is a maxim which contains a great deal of truth and yet is little adhered to. Often we are confronted with questions pertaining to things which we studied a few years or a few months previous and perhaps only a matter of weeks or several days, and we are unable to answer them correctly. With due consideration for a little lapse of the memory there are important things which, if we had studied for life, would be with us still. But it is only too often that we learn things for the day or the classroom, thereby doing grave injustice both to ourselves and to all others concerned.

No man can hope to attain an

education if he does not study for life. If he studies but for the school his learning is left behind when he leaves that school. His intelligence is as mediocre as when he entered. Keeping in mind that a good education is the best investment he can make for himself he will study "non scholae sed vitae," for the educated man in every walk of life carries with him his own capital—a capital unaffected by momentary causes,—an investment whose interest is not regulated by the success of speculation,—a legacy which none can dispute and of which none can deprive him.

It is in after life that the principles of knowledge, moral goodness, culture and efficiency must be applied more than in earlier years. Many great writers have said that true education begins after one has left school. How important is it not then, that the student acquire those first fundamental and essential principles of intellectual development for life, if his whole structure of "true education" is to be erected on this foundation.

THE BEST PART OF EDUCATION

Cultivate those acquaintances who put you at your best, who inspire you to think broadly and act bravely. There are some persons who stimulate you by the way they say, "good morning," while there are others from whom we gain nothing after hours of intercourse. If you have a friend who has the faculty of awakening your best ambitions, and stimulating all your powers, see as much of that friend as possible. Such acquaintance is the best part of education.—Ex.

The secret of success often consists in keeping it a secret.

You can always get a few miles out of last winter's clothes.

A wise man never falls in love this close to Christmas.

If it weren't for engine trouble some parlors never would be used.

Do your Christmas home-brewing early and avoid the rush.

"He who can preserve peace in the midst of bustle and business, is almost perfect; and though there are few persons found, even in religion, who have attained to this degree of happiness, yet there are some, and there have been some in all times, and it is to this highest point we should aspire."—St. Francis de Sales.

THE WATCHER AT THE GATE

A play in four acts by William Roeder and A. E. Bradley, presented by the Joyce Kilmer Players, Sunday, Dec. 3, 1922, at the College Auditorium:

Cast of Characters

Jennie, a maid—Marion Haggerty.
Rita Sherwood—Lucille Wolf.
Father Bernard—Will H. Rose.
Mrs. Sherwood—E. Mae Bisdorf.
Jack Blair—J. Paul Ardeeser.
Florence Shannon—Ruth Buhl.
Paul Burke—Tom Haggerty.
Marshal Sherwood—William Roeder.

Madame Romanowska—June Forest.

Lord Fitzlee Carleton — Frank Conroy.

Time—The present.

Place—A suburban town in the Middle West.

Act I—Sitting-room in the home of Marshall Sherwood.

Act II—The same, six months later.

Act III—The same, two weeks later.

Act IV—The same, six months later.

Music furnished by the College Orchestra.

Note: During the first part of Act IV, a whole night is supposed to pass. The curtain then will be lowered for a few moments before the Epilogue.

MORE RAVIN'

Once upon a midnight dreary
Came two wanderers dry and weary,
Weary from their useless searching,
To a place they knew of yore;
Gone were all the famous places
And the old familiar faces
Who in halcyon days had gathered—
Round the bar of Dinty Moore.
"Boys", said Dinty, "I am wealthy,
And my business is quite healthy.
I am making twice as much again
As I made in days of yore.
Everything is fine and dandy
And I find the law quite handy.
But I wish that prohibition
Had started twenty years before."
—Stone Mill.

The Ancient World had its priests and its prophets; it had its legislators and its warriors, but it never knew the figure of the Apostle, of the Catholic Missionary, because they did not know the idea which inspires him.—Marrianhill Missions.

Many a sheik at the office helps wash dishes at home.—Logansport Pharos-Tribune.

A bad reputation has glue skinned forty ways as an adhesive.—The Fun Book.

CLIPPER COLUMN

(BY THE EDITOR)

DECEMBER IS NEAR

Prof.: "What are you reading these days?"

Any Stude: "Time Tables!"

FROM HOBAN'S DIARY

Chicago: Saw my first street car today. This is a funny place. They run 'em up in air. A fellow offered to sell me a swell park for only twenty-five dollars. If I had only had more money! Bought nineteen dollars worth of postal cards.

"THE FAMISHING FOOTSTEPS"

Part One—Chapter One—Conclusion

It was midnight! The bell in the nearby steeple far away tolled the hour of two, over the still night air.

The great detective, Nobody Homes, sat by his window silently munching a salted peanut. There was evil in the air! He felt it. Presently, he gave a start, followed by a muffled exclamation. What was that? Curses, footsteps on the stair, light, crafty footsteps.

Quickly our hero slipped into his beard and goggles and galoshes. His disguise was complete. With the well known infinite precision, the famous criminologist grasped a black

blue barreled automatic from the secret drawer and advanced towards the door. Thru its closed portals he saw the glint of a white object. Again the footsteps sounded, retreating slowly.

Summoning his reserve courage, Nobody Homes jerked open the door. He almost fell. The white object as the mystery person shouted, "Milkman," and left him alone.

The Raleigh Boys are thinking of putting a lock and chain on the new gaboons. Some one is liable to steal one and have it engraved for a loving cup.

Our Idea Of Nothing At All

De Shone in short pants!

Bastin's Hanging Vines!

Gallagher trying to look intelligent when some one calls him "Imperial Wizard."

Not Going Up

Director: "All ready, run up the curtain!"

Osterhage: "Say what do you think I am, a squirrel?"

(In the refectory, at breakfast.) "Well," said Collins to Daley, who had just had his coffee-cup filled for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee."

"Yes, indeed," answered Daley, "or I wouldn't be drinking so much water to get a little."

E. F. Duvall, D.D.S.

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BASKET BALL SEASON IS AGAIN WITH US

The doors of our splendid basket ball hall are again thrown open to enthusiasts of this sport. Judging from the great number of students on the floor every day we may safely assure welcome rivalry in the various leagues.

Forty-five men responded to Manager Daley's call for Varsity candidates. In this number are four letter-men of last season, Hoffman, Weier, Raymond Osterage, and John Roach. The green material includes many real snappy tossers, who will lead our old material a merry chase for permanent berths on the Varsity.

With Thomas Daley as manager we can expect an A-1 schedule. Games with several of the more prominent neighboring colleges are already scheduled, while negotiations are on foot to book a few independent teams. A complete schedule will appear in the next issue of The Cheer.

For the greater success of the season Clemens Koors has been chosen assistant manager of basket ball.

SOPHOMORES HUMBLE JUNIORS

Playing straight, clean foot ball, the powerful Sophomore eleven clinched the season's honors in the Junior league on Sunday, November 18, by trouncing the Junior squad 18-0. Despite the uneven score the game was replete with interest because of the class spirit displayed.

Monahan carried the oval over for two touchdowns; M. Deshone registered the other in spectacular fashion, intercepting a pass and

rushing ten yards to goal. Francis Weier also displayed great ability and promise. In fact, the entire Sophomore team played clever football, reflecting the superior ability of their coach, James Hoban.

Hopelessly outclassed, the Juniors fought on gallantly, with Hempfling, Yeager, and Achberger outplaying the rest of the squad. In spite of the inclement weather, many appeared to cheer their class team. This spirit, this class rivalry, is to be greatly commended and encouraged. The football season is ended; let's have this same "pep" on the basket ball floor! What say, gang!

JUNIOR BASE BALL MANAGER CHOSEN

Interest and consequent success in Junior Base Ball activities are practically assured of because of the appointment of James Hipkind as manager of this branch of athletics. There has always been a great deal of enthusiasm and rivalry displayed by the several Junior teams; however, with James Hipkind at the stern we have all reasons to anticipate something unusually attractive in Junior base ball circles next spring.

Appropriate

"I have decided to call my 'Homebrew' 'frog'," remarked Uhrich.

Madison: "Why?"

Uhrich: "Because it has plenty of hops, but not much 'kick'."

The Only Explanation

"One never hears a breath of scandal about him."

"Why?" Hasn't he any friends?"

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Tell Us Your Troubles

Dear Editor: A boy came over to our house to borrow our shears for cutting his grass. He said his mother wouldn't let him use theirs. Should I hit him with the lawnmower?—Anxious.

Answer—No, dear, you might break the lawnmower. Hit him with the pickax.

Dear Editor: Could you inform me on what nights we get to go to town?

Answer—Yes. Every night except on weekdays or Sundays.

Strange Sensations

Finding a rock in your O. Henry. When you find an exam is just the part you didn't plug.

No, gentle reader, our Francis did not write that old song, "Long Boy."

First Year Student, to Baumgartner: "I can't get these here 'rithmetic examples. Professor said somethin' 'bout findin' the GREAT COMMON DIVISOR."

Baumgartner (in disgust): "Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why they were huntin' for it when I was in First."

Inhuman Treatment

Heroine (in the melodrama): "What are those shrieks?"

Villain (relentlessly): "They have tied an American to a chair and are showing him a bottle of Scotch."

"So there was a gap in the conversation?"

"Yes. We were all yawning."

SENIORS ROLL THEIR TENNIS COURT

Held up by the inclement weather of the past few weeks, constantly called by pressing duties elsewhere, and "bullied" on all sides by the inconsiderate, the seniors came to the verge of despair as far as seeing their tennis court rolled this fall was concerned. But on Friday, the seventeenth, the seniors managed "to hire" a fine team of "jacks"—and now the court is second to none. The only thing wanting is a canopy for this court, and the sixth class will be assured of excellent sport next spring. Hurrah!

IGNORANT IKE

Ike is so ignorant he thinks,
A mistake is a butcher's daughter.
Daylight saving is a bank.
The "Saturday Evening Post" is a traffic cop on a Saturday night.
A soft collar is a fellow who wakes you up gently.
A masquerade is a cousin to lemonade.
A fog-horn is made out of mist.
The "College Inn" is a sign above the Prefect's office.
The Power Plant is a flower.
That Dwenger Hall is an "Inn for Mary."
That Roach is a bug.
That Alig is part of the Anatomy.

Over At Brother David's

Stude: "Gimme three cigars."
Bro. David: "Strong ones, or mild?"
Stude: "Gimme the strong ones. The weak ones are always bustin' in my pockets."

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ST. JOE BATTLES LOYOLA U. TO A SCORLESS TIE

(Continued from page 1.)

certainty. It was in the second quarter; our men had crashed their way to Loyola's 15 yard line. Aldrich then plunged through tackle for six yards. First down, 5 yards from goal! Hipkind plowed through for two yards. Raging, tearing, fighting, St. Joe was ripping their way to goal, when a five yard penalty for premature backfield motion dealt our hopes a disastrous blow. Set back, but still determined, our men fought on. Flynn hurled himself forward for a two-yard gain, then vaulted across Loyola's stubborn line for another gain of over five yards, planting the pigskin within inches of goal. With a touchdown and victory awaiting the Red and Purple, the signals were shouted; the ball was snapped, but before Quarterback Pischke could possibly relay the oval to Flynn, Loyola's center vaulted over our line and grounded Pischke, causing him to lose the ball.

St. Joe Again Threatens

Infuriated by the reversals of fortune, the heroes of the Red and Purple again began a crushing attack in the same quarter. They had advanced the oval to within 13 yards of goal when the whistle at

half checked their march down the grid-iron. A few moments would most probably have spelled victory for St. Joe; as it was, it proved a heart-shattering scare to Loyola.

Loyola Never Dangerous

In the third quarter Loyola made their furthest advance of the game, which was on our 20 yard line. Gaining three first downs, the enemy began a march towards goal which seemingly could not be checked. They were stopped cold, however, twenty yards from goal by the stubborn resistance of our line.

Last Minute Efforts Checked

The fourth quarter proved to be a zigzag affair, mainly in midfield, with Loyola unleashing a desperate aerial attack. The majority of their passes, however, were intercepted by St. Joe gridmen, and the final whistle found the day undecided, yet with the Red and Purple greatly out-shining their opponents in every respect.

St. Joseph's (0)—Fulton, l. e.; Lucke, l. t.; Donnellan, l. g.; Hoban, c.; Castillo, r. g.; Sullivan, r. t.; T. Liebert, r. e.; Pischke, q. b.; Aldrich, l. m.; Hipkind, r. h.; Flynn, f. b.

Loyola U. (0)—Morand, l. e.; Citrit, l. t.; McCarville, l. g.; Berwick, c.; W. McNally, r. g.; Kelly, r. t.; Berner, r. e.; Miller, q. b.; Dorretti, l. h.; Dee, r. h.; T. McNally, f. b.

Substitutions—Loyola: Malloy for W. McNally, Welsh for T. McNally, Deblin for Berner, Kealy for Dorretti. St. Joseph's: Madison for Sullivan, O'Connor for Fulton, Fulton for O'Connor, O'Connor for Flynn.

Referee—G. Dunn (Michigan); Umpire—D. Dunn (Michigan).

Head Linesman—Alahmaud.

1923 FOOTBALL MANAGER ELECTED

At a brief meeting of the A. A. Board on the evening of November 18, Mr. Henry Ebertshaeuser was unanimously elected football manager for the 1923 season. That the Board's choice is the very best possible we shall have ample proof of as time requires action from Mr. Ebertshaeuser in his new duties. To our 1923 football manager the "Cheer," as the students' official organ, wishes all possible success.

Herbert Neier has been chosen captain of Varsity '23.

Music reveals our inmost nature. Merry, doleful, soulful, or patriotic music utters what often remains unuttered and unutterable. It expresses a craving through the medium of the senses. Its echo feeds the deep, ineradicable instinct, and we unconsciously respond.—The Silent Partner.

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